AROUND THE WORLD!

THE NEWS FROM ALL SECTIONS OF THE STATE AND COUNTRY.

Scissored, Pasted, Stolen, Written, Imagined and Abducted for the Benefit of Globe Busy Readers.

Lizzie Borden admits that she killed her father and stepmother.

Georgia and Louisiana are reported safe for Cleveland and reform.

The railroad strike in New York state has ended. They concluded they could not fight both police and militia.

Mr. Woolcott, of Charlotte, was the winner of the coffin offered by F. F. Smith, of Greensboro, for the tenth average in the gun shoot. It is being painted and trimmed up with his name on it, and will soon be shipped to him by freight.

Quarantine was declared Saturday against vessels from Great Britain and Ireland by the health officials of Savannah. It has been decided to detain a number of vessels en route to Savannah from those countries as well as from other European ports at quarantine for several days.

Mr. Ed Johnson, of Cabarrus county, turned his attention this year to the cultivation of onions. He planted about three acres and will gather between four and five hundred bushels. He has been offered eighty cents per bushel for some. This beats raising seven cent cotton by a long way.

As a result of an old feud, Humphrey Best and John Campbell fought an impromptu duel at Pain Lick, Ky., ten miles east of Lancaster Saturday morning. Best was killed and Campbell received bullets in his breast. Two little children playing in the road were struck by stray bullets and both were killed.

Leonidas McKnight was sentenced Friday by Judge McIver, of Surry county, to be hanged October 21. Every effort was made by the prisoner's lawyers to save him. Motion for new trial was made, but denied. An appeal to the Supreme court also overruled. McKnight will be hanged unless the governor interferes.

Allison, who shot Brown on the streets of Mt. Airy last Saturday, asked the court for a continuance of trial, which was granted. It is believed now that the case will be moved to another county for trial. The citizens of Mt. Airy are still excited over the matter, and it is feared if Allison is removed from Surry jail there will be trouble.

Mrs. J. R. Ryan of Birmingham, Ala., was on the second floor of Belmont Hotel, near Asheville, with her child and nurse when the house took fire. In the excitement after Mrs. Ryan had escaped the child was missed and the agonized mother is said to have offered a reward of $1,000 for its recovery. Baby was found, however, uninjured and the reward was not claimed. Neither Mrs. Ryan nor the nurse were injured. They are at the Battery Park.

The trials of the rioting miners came to a sudden termination yesterday at Clinton. The case of the state vs D. B. Monroe was resumed and several witnesses were examined, the burden of their testimony being that Monroe was the "chief;" that all so regarded him, and his actions and orders indicated that he felt that he was in control. His testimony while on the stand seeking to sustain his story that he only joined the miners to protect property was not sustained. The chief contention was whether he should be admitted to bail and the magistrate bound him over for trial in the crimnal court without bail. He was sent to jail in Knoxville for safe keeping. After this decision by the trial magistrate the other miners under arrest lost heart and submitted their cases without trial. They were bound over and bonds in some cases were given; in a majority of cases they were not, and these miners will have to go to jail to await the session of the trial court. As fast as miners under arrest submit and give bond they will be released. Bud Lindsay submitted and was bound over and gave bond. He was then placed in the train and started for Knoxville. While en route some of the soldiers took him from the train and held him prisoner with threats of lynching. General Carnes, however, sent a guard to his relief and the latest special to The American says he will be protected. The miners in and around Coal Creek still remain quiet.

UNDER A MOVING TRAIN.

Sensations of a Man Who Thought His Last Hour Had Come.

To fall under a running railroad train, to lie on the rail and see death approaching one at the rate of fifteen miles or so an hour and only a few feet distant, is an experience not given to many to be able to relate. Yet this is what happened to a Chicago man.

"How did it happen? What were you thinking about?" he was asked the other day.

"Well," he replied, "I had no time to find out how it happened, but I do remember a good many things that I thought of while it was happening. Now it seems utterly impossible to me that such a flood of thoughts could flash through my brain and leave their individual and distinct impressions as did in the almost immeasurable short space of time that I lay on the rail in front of those wheels. It is said that just at the moment of one's death the whole doings of a lifetime are held up for review in less time than it takes to wink one's eye. I can readily believe it.

"In less than a second I thought of the many railroad accidents of which I had read. It flashed through my mind that I had often seen men credited with willful negligence or reckless intention in allowing themselves to be killed or maimed, and there I was on the track ready to furnish another illustration. Yes, sir; there I lay, flat on my back on the rail and saw the wheels of the after truck of the car come rolling along and only a few feet away. It almost seemed as if I felt them crushing and grinding my bones, yet I had, it seems, time to think also of how easily a fellow gets killed.

"I thought how foolish it was to accuse others of foolhardiness in getting run over when I myself was about to become a horrible example. I thought of how often I had 'let up lightly' engineers and conductors and helped to take the blame from them and put it on the fellow who got killed. But my greatest regret, in the time I had to think, was that I had so often adversely criticised the man who got run over.

"Strange as it may seem, however, these were not half my thoughts. I realized that I was yet alive, in the best of good health, every bone and limb sound, so to speak, and the next instant I would, I felt, be ground into pieces and my flesh and bones spattered over the railroad track. There was no power in the world to help me, so it seemed; not all that the engineers or conductors or brakemen could do would be of any avail. Then it flashed through my mind that I was on the brink of the other world and I had not even a chance to make one repentant prayer. I wondered what it would mean for me.

"While these ideas were running through my mind I must have made some sort of an effort to escape. I have no knowledge of how I did it, but I did roll off the rail outward. The wheel caught my heel, though at first it seemed as if my foot was cut off above the ankle and I was powerless to move it. I managed to get onto my right foot and balance myself on that for a second, to get my thoughts together as to what I shoud next do. It has taken me ten or fifteen minutes to tell this thing, but it did not, I should judge, from the rate the train was going, take anything like a second of time for it all to happen."—Chicago Tribune.